

## Craig & Ooola – Accidental spaceman - part one

By Martin S. Beckley

Hello, my name is Craig and I am five. My best friend – Ooola – is an alien banana, and my pet is an alien raisin called George. This is the story of how Dad got lost in space. It was a sunny afternoon; Dad was in the garden and Mum was in the kitchen. 'Can you tell Dad that tea will be ready in ten minutes please,' Mum asked. 'Ok,' I said and ran out to Dad. He was crouching down looking at Ooola's spaceship – a blue cardboard box at the end of our garden. 'Hi Dad,' I said. As he turned, he fell into the spaceship and knocked a button. The spaceship took off. 'COME BACK,' I yelled. 'I don't know how to fly it,' Dad called as he zoomed over the rooftops. I ran inside and told Ooola. 'Him always accidents have,' she said. She tipped out my toys looking for things she could use. 'Me need shopping bag, radio and bag of chewy sweets,' she said. I ran off to fetch them whilst Ooola crashed about in my bedroom. 'I hope you are not making a mess up there,' Mum said. 'Not me,' I said and gave her one of my cute smiles so she would not notice the bag of sweets hidden up my shirt. Ooola stuffed a TV remote control, a clock, and a walkie-talkie into the bag. 'Ok, me get George, you get bike and lots of water,' she said tying the belt from my dressing gown around her wrist. I ran outside and filled the watering can from the outside tap. 'What are you doing with that water?' Mum asked. 'Helping Dad,' I said. 'Ok. Tea is in five minutes,' Mum said. Ooola rushed into the garden and hung the bag over the handlebars of my bike. 'George, bath time,' Ooola said

pouring water over him. Instantly he grew to the size of a melon. 'You get on bike and hold this,' said Ooola giving me one end of the dressing gown belt. As she squeezed the water out of George he squirted sticky goo over my bike. The bike rose into the air. I held the belt tight as Ooola climbed up and scabbled into the bag on the front of my bike. Ooola chewed the sweets while she pulled the TV remote, the walkie-talkie, and the clock apart. Then she used the sweets to stick everything back together in a different order. I peddled. Ooola turned on the radio and adjusted the tuning. The hands of the clock spun to point left. 'Dad that way,' Ooola said. I peddled faster and we nearly caught up with him but he suddenly shot up into space. 'DAD!' I shouted. 'We no follow on bike. No power,' Ooola said and quickly pressed buttons on the TV remote. 'What are you doing?' I asked. 'Ooola home phone,' she said. A voice crackled through the walkie-talkie, 'Intergalactic Rescue, me help you?' 'Emergency. Dad's in space,' I said.

